

THE LIGUORIAN



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No. 11

Thinking

What are you looking at there, my Boy,
My Boy with the dreamy eyes?
Gazing steadily down in the West
At the pool where the daylight dies?

Is it the great night-cloud you see
All splashed with purple and gold?
Where the sunlight streams through each vapor rift,
As the gray-dark shadows fold?

I wonder what you are thinking now,
Gazing there fixedly so?
And I fain would recall what I used to think
Once—in the long ago.

What are the secrets that stand revealed
To a child-heart such as thine?
And the visions bright thou canst not tell
To an earth-stained soul like mine?

Looking, looking out through the West
Away to another zone—
On to the realms of ineffable light
And a rainbow round a Throne.

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

TWO ACTS OF FAITH

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Look here, Father Casey," young Professor Stackleigh thumped the table with an athletic fist to add weight to his stupendous revelation; "I'll tell you what's the matter with you Catholics."

"I know that already without your telling me," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, you do?"

"The matter with us Catholics is that we are human beings, like the rest of you. The matter with us Catholics is that we have, like yourself, all the weakness and stupidity and pride and sensuality and self-love that comes to us as a sad inheritance from the fall of our first parents."

"There! You hit the nail on the head!"

"Which nail? Or which head, Stackleigh? You are rushing into the body of your lecture and forgetting the introduction."

"Your everlasting harping on dogmas—that is what I mean. I like you, Father Casey. You are more of a chum to me than any of the professors at the university. But you, who are so broadminded on everything else, are so narrowminded on the matter of dogmas—it quite exasperates me."

"Dogmas?" the priest pondered the word. "Dogmas? Come, let us approach as closely as we dare and look these dreadful monsters in the eye. How do you define a dogma?"

"You can do that more deftly than I," the young man laughed. "You are a shark on definitions, Father."

"Well, how is this? A dogma is a set form of belief."

"A set form of belief. Capital."

"And you would say, to perdition with all dogmas?"

"Exactly—only I should use a shorter word for 'perdition.'"

"Funny man!" commented his Reverence.

"Why am I a funny man?"

"Because you condemn dogmas so unmercifully and hang onto them so tenaciously."

"I beg your pardon, Father. That, at least, is one thing I have got out of my education—an open mind, freedom from dogmas."

"Why, Professor, you are pretty thoroughly convinced that you are alive. That's a set form of belief; that's a dogma."

"That is a fact learned from my own experience. I refer to statements accepted on the authority of someone else."

"You hold that George Washington was the first president of the United States. You hold that Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. You hold—pardon me—that you are old Alvin Stackleigh's son. You accept these beliefs on the authority of somebody else."

"Father, you are hedging. You know very well what I mean—dogmas in the accepted sense."

"For instance?"

"That there ever was such a man as Adam," began the Professor, "who committed sin and mussed up the whole creation—that we go on living after we are dead—that the remarkable child born in Bethlehem a long time ago is God—that bad people are going to burn in a place called hell, and good people be ecstatically happy in a place called heaven."

"Or that there is a Supreme Being called God," suggested Father Casey.

The professor with the open mind had not intended to go quite so far.

"Well, in a way, we have evidence of God," he explained.

"Then, with all your horror of dogmas, you admit the dogma, God exists."

"No, not in the sense of a dogma; more in the sense of an intimate experience. We all perceive power, intelligence, goodness, in ourselves and in persons and things about us. Some recognize that as God, some as a manifestation of God. Each one accepts what appeals to him."

"And so, instead of the universal dogma of the existence of a personal God, the Creator and end of all beings, you would have each man make up his own little dogma about God and hold fast to that on no better proof than the fact that it 'appeals' to him."

"What I am growling about," said the professor, "are those antiquated dogmas about heaven and hell and all that. Such dogmas are as much out of date as the pony express in this aeroplane age."

"You say the doctrine of heaven and hell is out of date. That sounds to be very much like a set form of belief—a dogma."

Nothing daunted, the professor continued:

"Our heaven is in this world and consists in the consciousness of well doing. Our hell is in this world; it consists in the remorse following failure to live out our ideals."

"Heaven and hell are in this world! Another set form of belief—a dogma," murmured the priest.

"It matters not what a man believes, provided he is square with his neighbor. True religion consists, not in mouthing a Credo, but in being kind and helpful to those about us. The only immortality is the influence we have left behind for the betterment of the race. Dogmas are mental slavery, narrowmindedness, foolishness."

"My dear Stackleigh," cried the priest, "you have just promulgated four more of your dogmas. The first contradicts the others; the last contradicts itself."

"Where is the contradiction?"

"In your first dogma you say, it matters not what a man believes, provided he is square with his neighbor; then straightway you lay down three more dogmas practically setting down as a fool everybody that holds a belief different from your own. Surely it makes a difference whether a man believes like a fool or like a wise man. In your last, you solemnly formulate a dogma condemning all dogmas. If that is not self-contradictory, I know not what is. Which all goes to show how hopelessly crooked and illogical the created mind becomes when it rejects the truths revealed by its Creator and blindly adheres to its own changing fancies."

"You persist," returned Stackleigh, "in calling every statement a dogma. By dogmas I mean those antiquated beliefs which Catholics accept on authority without using reason and investigation to determine their truth or falsity."

"I persist in the logical course of adhering to the definition of dogma which we both accepted at the beginning of this discussion. You follow an arbitrary and illogical course—you say every set form of belief that displeases you is a dogma and every set form of belief that pleases you is not a dogma. After you have the stage thus beautifully set, you swoop down majestically and include all dogmas in one common damnation. Such a method of reasoning is very simple, but at the same time—pardon me, Professor—very childish."

"Well, since everybody that thinks must, as you say, have dogmas, don't blame me for having mine."

"I am not blaming you for having dogmas—set forms of belief. You must have them, if you have a brain. But here's the rub; you say it makes no difference what they are; I say it makes all the difference in the world what they are. An honest man will make his conduct square with his beliefs; only a crook will try to make his beliefs square with his conduct. Therefore, if his beliefs are right, his conduct will be right; if his beliefs are wrong, his conduct will be wrong. And since every man must have dogmas—set forms of belief, I prefer to get mine from God rather than from you."

"Well, at least I do not try to impose my dogmas on others the way you Catholics do."

"No, not the way we Catholics do; your way is decidedly different. Here is our way. We show that God is infinite Wisdom and therefore cannot make a mistake, that He is infinite Truth and therefore cannot deceive. Then we show that He has revealed the dogmas of our holy religion and that it is therefore highly reasonable to hold fast to those dogmas with unquestioning faith. Whether or not we comprehend them is quite immaterial. God knows innumerable deep mysteries which our limited minds could never comprehend. For us it suffices to know for certain that He has said a thing. We know it is true. That is our way. Your way is different. You start with the supposition that Almighty God cannot possibly be any wiser than you. You form a snap judgment about some deep question which you only half understand. You spurn, as unworthy of a moment's consideration, the findings of the wise men of all past ages. You do not even stop to see whether this belief contradicts other beliefs to which you have already subscribed. Then you proclaim your doctrine to a wondering world. And you brand as foolish and reactionary anyone that does not immediately accept your revelation as the oracle of a God. Yes, our way is different.

"Our way of teaching our belief to our children," continued the priest, growing warmer as he went deeper into his subject, "is different too. We give the children a long and thorough training in the science of religion, for religion being the most important of all the sciences, it should, we hold, be taught as carefully as any other science. To this end we build and maintain, at enormous cost, schools where religion can be properly taught. At the same time we bear our share of the support of the public schools, even though we cannot use them. You,

on the contrary, spend no money, make no sacrifices, to maintain schools where your dogmas can be honestly taught. You usurp the public schools which our money helps to support, and there you teach, under the deceitful cloak of broadmindedness, your own infidel dogmas and rob the children of the faith of their fathers. Yes, your way is different, decidedly different."

"To sum up," interrupted the professor with a droll smile which showed he was used to tongue thrashings from Father Casey and rather enjoyed them, "to sum up: we are pikers—pikers and hypocrites and illogical, unthinking, overbearing, self-conceited asses. Do I get it right?"

"Perfectly," cried the priest, whose indignation was disarmed by the coolness of his adversary, "perfectly. Go to the head of the class."

"Thereupon the lesson is concluded. We will say our prayers and go out to play. Come, Father Casey, what prayer shall it be?"

His Reverence could not resist a parting shot.

"Let us make it the Act of Faith. Here is mine: 'O my God, I firmly believe all the sacred truths which your holy Church teaches because You have revealed them to her, and I know that You can neither be deceived yourself nor deceive us.' Here is yours: 'I firmly believe that true wisdom consists in rejecting whatever was held by the wise and good of all past ages. I firmly believe that this unhappy planet was buried in darkness until illumined by the light of my transcendent intellect. I firmly believe that dogmas are all rot—except my own dogmas, which I believe, not because I can prove them, but because they were revealed to the world by Professor Aubreyne Stackleigh.'"

St. Alphonsus holds for certain that a soul delivered by the prayers and good works of a Christian when entering heaven will not fail to say to God; "Lord, do not suffer that person to be lost who has liberated me from the prison of purgatory and has brought me to the enjoyment of Thy Glory sooner than I have deserved."

We must be little children. As little children we kneel before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament—as little children we present ourselves before Him in confession—as little children we love Him and spend ourselves unselfishly in His service.

Hallowe'en

I SEE BY THE CALENDAR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

"Why does the Church assign a Saint for every day of the year in her calendar?" Someone asked the question—he was one of the little knot of students, who had just finished discussing the last football game. The Prefect smiled. The question had been addressed to no one in particular—and no one answered.

"Well, Jack," said the Prefect finally, turning to one of the lads, "What benefit do you see in this arrangement?"

It was well that the Prefect turned to Jack. There was something infectious about his optimism and enthusiasm. Whatever he did, he did whole-heartedly.

"To me," he replied, "it brings the noblest companionship for every day." Evidently that was all he had intended to say; but as every glance was turned expectantly upon him, he continued to explain: "People I meet, somehow remain fixed in my mind, and I recall them frequently—the more frequently, the more I have been interested in them, the more I see in them to admire, especially if they have awakened my love. You know the lines:

'It were a marvelous experience
But an impossible, to be alone.'

"Somehow, too," he went on, "everyone has some influence on my thoughts and judgments. But we meet people not only in the contacts of life, external and fleeting—we meet them also in our reading. Reading of the Saints gives me a companionship most enjoyable and exhilarating."

"I find this about it," said another young man, "it is a sort of tonic for heart and mind—germicide and builder of tissue all in one. I ran across a passage in Oliver Wendell Holmes the other day that suggests what I mean. Remember that Holmes was a physician as well as an author. Now, upon the publication of a salacious novel, which they tell us is still being sold, Dr. Holmes wrote:

"When a realistic writer like surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. Who does not remember

odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory, and will not loose their hold. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues.'

"That's what the Doctor says," he continued. "Ever and again in the push and pull of daily life, come feelings of futility and doubt; dark thoughts flit across the mind and not finding it occupied, cling to it; men come and go, the words they speak, the low ideals they express, remain to weaken the moral fibre of one's character. Like a tonic the words and deeds of these supermen, the Saints, sweep away the germs of evil and give new life and vigor to heart and mind."

"Very likely," chimed in a third student, usually a very quiet lad of kindly disposition, "very likely, that is just my experience—only in other words. What strikes me about it is this: every Saint whom I approach, whose companionship I seek in thought or reading, refuses to keep me for his own admirer, but leads me on to God. They seem set like signposts from day to day pointing the way to heaven. Invariably they draw me nearer to God about Whom they forever think and speak, for Whom they suffered and labored."

"They are silent partners to me," said a fourth student, a lad with a practical turn of mind. "Reading of them makes me know them personally, and in the course of the day's work, I feel that somehow they are the appointed guardians and helpers for that day, and that my striving is not unknown to them. It gives me courage. And often when unlooked-for success follows my efforts, I feel that they have helped."

"Yes," put in another eagerly—everybody knew him to be a book-worm—"I have experienced similar results. But in the course of a year now that I have practised this reading of the Saint of the day, another blessing has come to me—unnoticed at first. I find that I have been living with the Church, in all times and climes—and her history has grown upon me as a living thing. Can you imagine what it means that you are brother in the Faith to the martyrs of the first age of Christianity as well as to the latest Saint raised to the honor of the altars?"

"Excuse me," cried one lad, whose eyes had been growing larger

and larger with wonder, "I want to look at something." With that he was off, only to return in a short time, breathless from haste.

"Gee!" he exclaimed colloquially, "I've been wondering all along what that print was underneath the dates on my calendar. Why, it's the name of the Saint of the day!"

And this lad's name was—oh, well—it was some Saint's name—but perhaps you know it better than I do.

THE SAME OLD ABE

An incident that has probably never appeared in print was related by Schuyler Colfax regarding Abraham Lincoln. It was during the dark days of 1863, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House. The Foreign Legations were there gathered around the President.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, evidently overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall.

The President, tall and in a measure stately in his personal presence, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman:

"Excuse me, my Lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward toward the door, Mr. Lincoln said as he grasped the old farmer's hand:

"Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mrs. — in Sangamon County in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the President's salutation, said:

"Mother, he's just the same Old Abe."

God's Providence put me into this world and in this place, altogether weak, that I might lean upon Him and never doubt the forgiveness of One who knows me through and through.

Self-control is at times real courage. We must not waste ourselves on petty quarrels or controversies, for such is true wisdom.

The Student Abroad

JERUSALEM

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

There is no name perhaps that conjures up such varied memories, historic, sentimental and religious as that of the city of Jerusalem. Arriving at night, the pilgrim retires to his bed with the name reechoing through his brain no matter how fatigued it may be. Sleep when it comes most probably sets the stage for a fantastic parade of all the famous personages who have, like coral on south sea reefs, contributed each his little bit, to the stupendous mass of associations which encompass, if they do not, indeed, constitute, the history of the city. And when actual history has finished its work, legend continues it; this characteristic feature, however, differentiating Jerusalem's story from that of others of the world's ancient cities, the legends, if, indeed, legends, have more than a grain of truth to them.

Twenty-one centuries before Christ, we are told, there was a town here called Uru-salim; which is taken to mean, City of Salem, or city of Peace; and so was supposed to be the capital of Melchisedech, the King of Salem, who met Abraham and on the occasion of the meeting, offered bread and wine in sacrifice, and who consequently, was later to be given to the priests of the New Law, as their model. At the time of the arrival of the Israelites from Egypt, it offered resistance, and even though the armies of its king and his allies were defeated by Josue, the city itself remained independent because of its almost impregnable position.

When the division of territory was made for the tribes of Israel, Jerusalem was given to the tribe of Benjamin. David, the first of its great Kings, developed the city; Solomon carried out the project for which David had prepared but had been prevented by God from fulfilling on account of his sin, and built the famous Temple. Following Solomon, the people fell into idolatry, and the city was punished, the people taken into exile, and alien possessors ruled over its sacred hills. The following centuries saw war and revolt and bloodshed and penitence and marching armies and conspiracy and treachery and triumph. In the meantime Jerusalem had taken on another significance; for throughout the times of exile, the prophets sent by God had been

reminding the chosen people of their promised Messiah, the new King who was to come. And attention naturally centered on Jerusalem, the Holy City, and the center of the dominions of the Jewish race, as the place most consonant with the arrival of their hero. With the spread of Roman power and prestige and the era of peace under Augustus, the Messiah did appear, not in Jerusalem itself, but in the neighboring town of Bethlehem. The future strife between the Messiah and the forces of this world, was, however, begun in Jerusalem when Herod, in fear, sought out the Infant, and finally in a desperate effort to surely do away with what he feared would be his rival, ordered the slaughter of the Innocents. For the next few years, Jerusalem is famous merely as the capital of a tributary state of Rome administered by Roman Procurators, the last of whom, Pontius Pilate, was to witness and take active part in the most momentous events of the City's history. For the Messiah had grown to manhood and His hour was come, and he set out to do the work His father had given him to do. During the years of His ministry, Jerusalem constantly returns to the fore as the central point in Palestine about which His evangelistic wanderings revolved. Events crowded on each other and the time came when all that was written was to see its fulfillment, when promises made were to be kept, and within a few days, the southern hill with the Cenacle, the Mount of Olives across the valley, the palaces of Herod and Pilate, and even the streets of Jerusalem provided successive settings for the incidents of the Great Drama, reaching its climax on the little hill, just outside the north wall of that time, called Calvary. Shortly afterward, for decades mean little when one deals with centuries, the city was taken and destroyed, and apparently the book of its history was closed.

But it had only begun. With the victory of Christianity under Constantine, the sacred places of Palestine regained their significance in the public conscience, and Jerusalem was the most sacred of all. With the finding of the Holy Cross, by St. Helena, and the erection of the basilica, traces of which are clearly discernible today in the present structure which covers the traditional site of Calvary as well as that of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem became once more the center on which the eyes of the civilized world were focused. Again its history was one of almost continued strife. Moslems and Crusaders battled to the death here, with the Moslem remaining in possession

until toward the end of the World War, the English troops under General Allenby finally entered its portals in triumph.

To the reader of history and to the thinker who sees more than black words on a white page, therefore, the name Jerusalem is an Open Sesame to a treasure house of vivid memories, memories that thrill, memories that sadden, too, and memories that inspire. To the pilgrim, the very name is a panacea for all the burdens, the sacrifices and the fatigues of the journey made to reach the city. For one feels that this is properly the City of Jesus Christ.

In visiting for the first time cities in the East, we had formed the habit of beginning with the point of greatest interest no matter what it was or where it was located. The next step in learning the city was to walk through the city at least as far as possible, and finally, our education was not considered complete till from some point above the city, a near-by hill, a church-tower, or an elevated balcony overlooking the city, we had formed a bird's-eye view of its general layout. In Jerusalem, this line of action was carried out in detail, and the point of interest at which we began was the Holy Sepulchre.

The feeling of reverential awe that comes over the pilgrim as he walks carefully down the narrow street leading through the Greek quarter to the entrance, is rudely shocked as he turns sharply to the left, passes through a narrow portal, and finds himself gazing on a small-sized stone-covered quadrangle, formed by the walls of the Greek monastery on the right, the walls of some other building on the left, and the side wall of the basilica to the front. The Greek priests usually to be seen loitering about the doorway to their monastery, with their long black garments, their cylindrical shaped hats, and their long hair worn in a little twist in back, much after the fashion of the family washwoman in days before the "bob" became common even among the so-called proletariat, do not add much in the way of solemnity unless one is blessed with extraordinary imagination.

We hasten across the square and enter at the open door, finding ourselves at once in comparative gloom which is emphasized the more by the brilliant glare of the sun on the stone over which we have passed. To our left on entering, there is a clumsy divan, flanking the doorway, on which an observer is usually to be found sitting, for what particular purpose it is difficult to learn. Directly ahead, under the splendid canopy apparently of marble, lies the "Stone of the anoint-

ing." We pause here but a moment, for the place of places awaits us. Swinging to the left, to pass in front of the walled space in front, which marks off the great areas reserved strictly to the members of the Greek Orthodox clergy, we find ourselves standing between immense, graceful columns, gazing into an open space, capped by a lofty dome. In the center stands what appears to be a little chapel, complete, roof and all. In front of it is an elevated platform reaching to the Greek section just mentioned. On either side of the platform, and so flanking the doorway leading into this chapel-like structure, are four pairs of candles, each pair of different size and style from its neighbors. Each pair of candles is attended by one of the four principal denominations allowed to share in the possession of the sacred place. It is easy to pick out those belonging to the Latin or Catholic Church. The familiar equilateral, red cross with the intersecting arms of the Franciscans identify them. Beneath the gaily, if not gaudily decorated facade, a narrow door leads into the antechamber of the Holy Sepulchre. Arriving here, we await our turn to enter through the low and narrow door, about three feet high, which leads into the Sepulchre proper. About four persons can remain within this chamber at one time. Entering, the pilgrim finds at his right, a long slab of marble, on which, tradition holds, the dead body of the Saviour rested during the hours between His burial and glorious resurrection. We kneel and try to pray. Formulas of prayer are forgotten; the heart is too full to trust itself to mere words. One can only think and think again, and then almost stunned at the realization of what it all means, bend and with all the reverence born of faith and devotion to the Cause for which He died, kiss the stone, and leave to make room for the others.

Once more outside, the visitor is astonished at the shabby condition of the basilica. Turkish rule, Greek malice and mutual strife between dissenting nationalities have effectually prevented any attempt at restoration or repair. Above can be seen what seem to be immense bundles of cloth hanging from long rods. These are the coverings over ceremonial lamps. Each rite or denomination has its own section and its own lamps covered in such a way as to distinguish them from the rest. Moreover, we are astonished to learn that the entire basilica is parcelled out in the same fashion. Formerly, it was a difficult matter for the Franciscan Fathers, who for centuries have been the repre-

sentatives of the Holy See in guarding the sacred place, and who have proved their worthiness gloriously by even shedding their blood in its defense, to retain possession, not to mention retaining a worthy appearance of the section "owned" by the Catholic Church. The coming of the English regime, though it gave rise to much promise, has done little beyond guaranteeing a semblance of peaceful possession of that which is held at present.

Farther back in the basilica, we come to a stairway, steep and even dangerous if the pilgrim is not on his guard, for the feet of tramping millions have worn them away, which leads to an upper level, the top of Calvary. Here there is peace. There are three altars here, one of which, belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church, is located at the far left. Beneath the Greek altar table, on the floor, there is a metal-ringed hole through which the pilgrim can reach his hand and touch the bare rock. Next to this, a smaller altar commemorates the part Our Lady of Sorrows played in the tragedy of that first Good Friday. Next to this altar is a third, also in the possession of the Latin Church, commemorating the spot of crucifixion of Our Lord. Apart from the question as to the actual spot, with which no one bothers for that is immaterial now, we know that as far as the best archaeological and historical evidence can demonstrate, we are on the hill top that was consecrated by the blood of our crucified Saviour. And that is enough. In the semigloom broken only by the fitful gleams from the numerous hanging lamps, in the peacefulness of this secluded spot, we kneel and our hearts are raised as never before, perhaps, to the honor and glory of the Crucified King, and in reparation for the parts we ourselves have played by our ingratitude and our selfishness.

Here, perhaps more than in any other place, our thoughts wing their way back over the miles we have traversed, back over the sea to our loved ones at home. It is a long time since we have been in contact with postal or cable service. We wonder how they are. Thinking of the cross of sorrow that was placed on Our Blessed Mother as she gazed at her Son on His cross, one could not help wondering whether, after all, he was to receive a cross now. Of all opportune occasions for such a visitation this was the best; who could kneel there and refuse to bear anything for the sake of Him and His Mother who had borne so much?

The memories of that visit remain and form an appropriate back-

ground for the subsequent events of the visit. Against the background of Calvary, the culminating point of all the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, the temple place with its stone of sacrifice, now sheltered beneath the oriental splendor of the Mosque Haram El-Sherif, the historic center of Jewish worship throughout the centuries of expectation, becomes more than a spot of historic interest. And the ritual of the faithful Jews at the old section of wall located at the southwest corner, and called "The Wailing Wall" becomes more an object for thoughtful consideration than a curiosity.

So, too, with Calvary as a background, the sanctuary of the Agony in the Garden at the foot of the Mount of Olives becomes more than a strikingly beautiful basilica with a remarkable mosaic pavement within its sheltering walls—the remains of the structure built to mark the spot during the Byzantine era—and with a carefully guarded grove of ancient olive-trees casting their shadows upon its walls. It is the place where He went to prepare for His supreme sacrifice.

Although Jerusalem is the city of mingled races and nationalities and creeds, there is no melting pot there. The varied elements making up the population retain their differences tenaciously, as they have retained them through the years that went before the war. They agree on only one thing—to differ. But far excelling this disagreeable feature of the Sacred City, is the renown that it possesses in having within its walls the most remarkable number of sanctuaries to be found in any one spot in the world. Not that they are splendid with the splendor of human ingenuity and art such as one finds, for instance, in Rome; the history of Jerusalem records too much warfare and too much hatred of things Christian on the part of those who have conquered the city in various ages, to expect such a phenomenon. The beauty of the King's daughter, here, is strictly within.

In addition to its monuments, it is the center of immense religious labors on the part of a large number of communities of religious men and women. One of these communities, the Dames de Sion, is devoted to the special cause of the conversion of the Jews, and numbers among its members, many Jews who have become Catholics. Closely related to them in this work is the community of the Peres de Sion, who conduct a large school for boys just outside the city to the west. In the convent of the Dames de Sion, there is a well-preserved arch from a triple arch of a gateway in the wall probably dating from the time

of Christ. It is venerated as the place where Pilate exhibited the scourged and torn Christ to the mob and told them to "Behold the Man." Every morning, after the consecration of the community Mass in the chapel of this convent, there is enacted a touching ceremony; out of the silence comes the soft tones of the organ, then the voices of the sisters, singing, "Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do." Three times this is repeated, then silence ensues, while the sisters and the orphan girls, assembled in the chapel, continue to pray for this, the dearest intention of the community.

Too much remains to be narrated in this limited space to allow of more than this meager outline. At some future date, we hope to give the readers of *THE LIGUORIAN* a fuller account of the visit to Jerusalem and the points of interest studied there.

With Jerusalem as a base, expeditions were made to Bethlehem, to Emaus, to the territory across the Jordan, now ruled as an independent principality under the protection of England by the Emir Abdullah, to Jaffa, and finally to Ain Cadeis, in the desert between Palestine and Egypt.

Next to Jerusalem, the little town of Bethlehem offers the greatest attraction in this part of the Holy Land. The journey by automobile from Jerusalem is beautiful, for the road leads through the hills south of Jerusalem and offers an excellent position from which to view the beautiful landscape. But the interest of the trip is lost in the thrill of arriving at the door of the Franciscan hospice in the town itself, and being escorted at once through the Franciscan basilica, to the Constantinian basilica next door; then across the transept to the narrow door leading to recesses below the apse or sanctuary. Following the ancient stairs, we turn a corner, and arrive in a grotto, the traditional grotto of the Nativity.

The stone walls are covered now with tapestries and hangings. To the left there is an altar, with a star marked on the floor beneath the table of the altar. This altar belongs to the Greek Orthodox church, who in the stormy times past, managed to obtain possession of the hallowed spot and now retain that possession under the English government's policy of retaining the status quo ante. The star is intended to mark the exact spot on which the Nativity took place. Near by, there is a smaller cave or grotto opening off the main grotto. In this, which is called the Grotto of the Manger, there is another altar,

on which the priests of the Latin Church, or the Catholic Church, may offer the Holy Sacrifice. On the opposite wall of this smaller cave, there is a horizontal niche with a row of burning lights marking it out clearly. Here tradition venerates the crib in which the Infant was placed.

The Basilica which shelters the holy place is one of the best preserved basilicas, if not indeed the very best preserved, dating from the time of Constantine. The columns are intact, and the walls above the columns still retain sections of the mosaic ornamentation which once covered them. Farther on, and beneath the basilica, there are other grottos commemorating various mysteries connected with the Holy Infancy, and one dedicated to St. Jerome. His tomb is here, together with the tombs of Saints Paula and Eustochium.

The climax of joy at this visit comes when the brother knocks at the door in the wee hours of the morning and summons a priest to take his appointed turn in saying Mass in the holy Crypt. It matters little that a Palestinian soldier is sleeping on a carpet near by in the grotto—to keep the peace! For there is dissention among the sects and rites in the native city of the Prince of Peace! It matters little that three Armenian schismatics choose the silent hours of the earliest part of the morning to chant in the loudest voice possible their lugubrious liturgy, in the basilica upstairs. For a moment only there is annoyance and disturbance and distraction; there is no mistaking the malice in the racket. But only for a moment, for the realization of what is taking place on the altar, in that sacred crypt is overpowering. Christmas is come again; the Mass proceeds, and the Infant is born again within His stable, and messengers consecrated to His service, from East and West, from Europe and America, are kneeling in adoration—and reparation. And the whole scene of that first Christmas night comes back; the hard journey across the hills and up the slopes leading to the city; the disheartening reception at the doors of the various homes at which they applied for shelter—homes of their kinfolk. The final search of St. Joseph for some sort of shelter; the discovery of this stable, carved out of the rock on the far side of the city. The coming of the angels to adore; the message cast from the skies over the plains spreading out to the east; the response of the humble shepherds; the first greeting of the Infant king! What a night of joy then; what a morning of joy now. The precious moments pass only too swiftly;

the Mass is over and the celebrant must give place to another anxious priest-pilgrim. Again it is hard to express in words the emotions that fill the heart on this occasion. The vastness of the privilege that has been accorded us is overwhelming and with it the sense of our own unworthiness. Humility and gratitude mingle, and a Little Child lifts our hearts to the Throne of heaven. It is hard to leave.

Of the unusual events on this part of the trip, nothing proved so full of surprises perhaps as the journey to the Jordan by automobile. Leaving Jerusalem, the road leads east and sharply downward between barren rocky hills. In the valley alongside the road, there is a narrow line of vegetation surviving the summer heat. The wall of rock flanking the valley is broken by deep crevasses which would seem to offer ideal hiding places for bandits. And so we recall the parable of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. Our Lord must have known this road well; no place could have served for a better setting for his story. From far up in the mountains around Jerusalem, the road descends almost an equal distance below sea level. The heat is oppressive; the dry, barren rocks throwing back the sun's rays like the sides of a furnace. We pass the last well between Jerusalem and the Jordan and prepare to thirst. Out on the plain the road finally emerges, but a weird plain it is. Sand dunes, or what seem to be dunes, water-worn rocks in all sorts of fantastic shapes, rock and barren waste and in the distance the dark outline of shrubbery marking the river, makes up what is called the valley of the Jordan. But the scene at the riverside is all the more refreshing in comparison.

We come to the spot where tradition places the baptism of the Saviour. An idyllic place. The stream is about fifty feet wide, perhaps more, but not much; it winds around deep curves between overhanging trees. The current is swift and somewhat dangerous at this point. The water is also somewhat muddy but that does not deter some of the party from filling bottles with the water to carry home to their native countries to use for baptism. Many a famous prince in Catholic Europe has been baptized with water from the Jordan.

From here, while there is still daylight, we speed through the dense underbrush along the valley in the vicinity of the river, to the place where it enters into the Dead Sea. The afterglow of twilight is still bright enough for us to view the great stretches of white, salty substance that cover the land here. In the distance the cliffs bordering

the Dead Sea loom up grimly; between them the vast almost motionless expanse of water reaches south to form its own horizon. We are surprised to find boats anchored near the shore. Still more surprised to learn that there is a regular traffic carried on over these curious waters. And still more surprised, when on entering the water to cool off after the hot day, we find that unseen hands seem to reach up from the bottom and endeavor to cast us out of the water. It is amusing to watch a newcomer try to swim. Feet, no matter how large, seem unable to remain under the water. It is impossible to sink; the salty content and the large percentage of other chemicals in the water make it too buoyant. But the fun has to come to an end. Back to the automobiles we go, and back through the darkness to the city.

Hitherto in the trip, it was easy to bid farewell to a city; for we were always looking forward to some future treat. Not so in Jerusalem. It charms the pilgrim, it grips him, it takes possession of him. No wonder, then, that when the last night came, one could not help climbing the stairs in the hospice to the expansive, flat roof, to take a farewell view of the sleeping city as it lay stretched below in the moonlight. The white roofs gleamed in the pale light. Off across the valleys on either side, the dark hills standing guard over the city, raised their graceful forms. But most striking of all, to the east, rose the strikingly beautiful slopes of Mount Olivet. The Mount of Olives and the full moon—we can see it as it was beneath that first Paschal moon of the New Law. The little group huddled in the garden at its base. The straggling mob of soldiers and Pharisees headed by the arch-traitor, inglorious patron of all his kind, streaming across the valley from the city walls; the meeting and the kiss of betrayal and the capture and the long wearisome marching through the night from tribunal to tribunal. There stands the hill in all its beauty, much as it was then; there gleams the moon in all its splendor as it gleamed that night of nights; but how different the circumstances. Reverent stillness reigns where once malediction broke the silence; the scene of the world's saddest treason has become the monument everlasting to the world's greatest triumph. The proud nation whose representative pronounced in its name the words of condemnation has passed and the cross upon which the condemnation was exercised has become the emblem par excellence of triumph.

Jerusalem stands unique among cities of the world; filled with squalor and filth, yet beautiful; wracked and torn by almost continuous

warfare, yet blessed; consecrated forever by the very Blood of the One who was slain there. City of cities, over which Jesus wept, within whose bounds He wrought His greatest works, to which He always turned in His journeyings and for which He died; to whom shall we compare thee?

The booming of a monastery clock breaks the revery; the night is advancing. We must go. And the first train in the morning bears us away, with genuine regret in our hearts, off to Lydda and the road to Egypt.

BUYING VS. EARNING

Health is one of the things rich and poor alike desire—Mr. Rockefeller as well as his chauffeur.

Miss Mary Spencer, nationally known health specialist, makes some very wise remarks regarding health.

"The philosophy underlying the 'buying' of health is all wrong," she declares. "Health cannot be bought in bottles or boxes or pink pills; it cannot be bought through blue-light treatments nor from naturopaths or chiropractors; it does not come through carrying a kidney-bean in one's pocket or wearing camphor about the neck; it is not acquired through adopting the hot water fad or the raw vegetable fad or any other health fad. Health, like happiness and friendship and all the better things of life, cannot be bought—it must be earned. Health is earned as a byproduct of sane living. If one starts out with a good mind and a good body, or, if the necessary corrective work has been done to insure a good body, there is no reason why he should not maintain good health through adequate attention to diet, exercise, rest, recreation, cleanliness, out-door life, ventilation and exercise of the necessary precautions against the contraction of communicable diseases.

"It means that, often, the ambitious must give up something of work for diversion and play, for friendships and normal social life; that the bookish must forsake the latest best-seller occasionally for the out-of-doors to the courts, the links, seashore or just the everyday open road ahead; that the adolescent and those who are beyond those years but who worry with adolescent fears about the extra pound or two, must eat perhaps more wisely instead of starving; that the worrier must do the best he can and forget, and that all must occasionally just get away from things and literally re-create. This, then, is the price of health."

Old Saint Michael's

A RECORD OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Sunday, October 16, witnessed a remarkable celebration in the Redemptorist church, familiarly known as "Old St. Michael's" in Chicago. It was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the parish.

"We are glad to be here in Old St. Michael's," said His Eminence, George Cardinal Mundelein, in his address delivered at the end of the Jubilee Mass, "because within this parish, the largest German Catholic parish in the Archdiocese of Chicago, during these seventy-five years, some of the most important work of the archdiocese has been accomplished."

A brief review will show how well-advised the Cardinal's words were.

THE DAWN.

On December 4, 1674, the intrepid Jesuit missionary James Marquette, came down from Green Bay to found a mission on the Illinois River for the Illinois Indians. When he reached the Chicago River and had proceeded about four miles down the South branch, he was forced to halt by sickness. Here he built a cabin—the first white habitation on the site of the future city. Missionaries passed and repassed, no doubt, in the course of years. But no settlement was effected until in 1804 Fort Dearborn was built. Around it the first Catholic settlers gathered.

Missionary priests visited them from time to time from Bardstown, Kentucky, to which diocese Fort Dearborn and the whole state of Illinois belonged. In 1833 the first resident pastor was appointed by the Vicar General of Bardstown, upon the petition of the Catholics of the settlement. The petition stated that there were about 100 Catholics in Chicago. At that time the town was bounded on the East by State Street, on the West by Desplaines Street, on the South by Madison Street and on the North by Kinzie Street. The present St. Michael's parish was not even within the limits. But in 1830 an influx of settlers began, so that by 1837, when Chicago was incorporated as a city, it counted 4,170 inhabitants.

In 1843, such had been its growth and such the promise of its

future, that the Fathers of the Plenary Council of Baltimore made it a diocese, and the first Bishop, William Quarter, was appointed the following year. At his arrival there was but one church within the city limits, St. Mary's. At his death, in 1848, there were four churches within the city: the Cathedral of St. Mary, St. Patrick's, St. Peter's (German) and St. Joseph's (German) on Chicago Avenue.

Chicago was then rated to have 28,269 inhabitants. But it was growing so rapidly that by 1860 it had reached a population well over 109,000. Among the new settlers were many Catholics of German origin who built their homes north of Chicago Avenue—so that by 1852, we can well imagine that St. Joseph's was far too small and too far removed to serve all the people.

In that year, 1852, Michael Diversey offered a lot on North Avenue and Church Street (now Hudson Avenue) for the erection of a church. The gift was accepted and a church built—a small frame building, 40 by 60 feet—at a cost of \$730.00. It was dedicated and the first Mass said in it on October 17, 1852.

Almost immediately these practical folk built a school, which was directed by lay teachers until 1860, when the Redemptorist Fathers took charge of the parish. In 1854 there were 40 pupils in the school; by 1858 it counted 180; in 1859 there were 250 pupils.

A MORNING OF STORM AND PROMISE.

These years, 1852 to 1860, proved to be very difficult years for the parish. More than once it seemed that it would be dissolved. Finally, for three months it was left without a pastor.

At this juncture, Bishop Duggan, fourth Bishop of Chicago, petitioned Very Rev. John De Dyker, C. Ss. R., then Provincial of the Redemptorist Fathers in America, to send members of his Order to assume charge. The petition was granted and Rev. Joseph Mueller, C. Ss. R., appointed first rector. He assumed office on Feb. 26, 1860.

From that time dates the phenomenal growth and development of the parish. The school, which had increased to 350 pupils, was placed under the care of the School Sisters of Notre Dame from Milwaukee. For the older boys, however, four lay teachers were retained until 1874, when the Brothers of Mary (from Dayton, Ohio) were invited to take over the task. In 1864 the number of pupils had reached 600, necessitating an addition to the building. By 1866 the number had

swelled to 1,100, and the enrollment was daily increasing. The parish shared the mushroom growth of the city itself.

In 1866 the cornerstone of the new church was laid and by 1869 it was completed at a cost of \$130,000.00—a very large sum for those days. The new church was 200 feet long and 80 feet wide.

SUDDEN RUIN.

Two years later, however, all this wonderful development was swept away within a few hours. The great fire, starting in the western section of the city on Sunday evening, October 8, swept across the river and consumed the south side business section and center of the city, then on the wings of the wind, turned northward and poured like a fiery flood over the north side.

It was about half-past four in the afternoon of October 9, the chronicle tells us, that the fire reached St. Michael's. Church and monastery and school were ruined—only the solid brick walls of the church remained like ghosts of the glorious yesterday. "The upper part of the tower was completely destroyed and the metal from the molten bells ran down to the earth."

The fire raged on until about ten o'clock that night, when a welcome rain fell. The loss of life in the city we are told has never been clearly determined; the most probable conjecture is that about 300 perished in the conflagration. The homes of the parishioners of St. Michael's were not spared. Indescribable, as we can well imagine, was the misery of thousands of homeless families, who had in a few hours been reduced to dire poverty and want.

Hopeless as the situation seemed at the time for the parish as for the entire city, priests and people set manfully to work not only to restore what had been, but to build better.

On the Sunday following the fire, Mass was said by the then Rector, Rev. Peter Zimmer, C.Ss.R., in a private home. By the next Sunday an improvised chapel was erected; within a month a temporary church and school stood there; within a year, the church, the walls of which were still solid, was once more reconstructed.

A NEW DAY.

A census taken up the year after the fire revealed that the parish counted 2,000 members, while the school (for which the temporary church was used) held 1,250 pupils.

Striking above all was the development of the school: it became

well known throughout the city. In 1874 the Brothers of Mary were called in to teach the Boys' Department, while the School's Sisters of Notre Dame retained charge of the Girls'. In 1878 there were in all 1,427 pupils; in 1881 the number had reached 1,566; in 1904 it reached its zenith, 2,055.

In 1879 a kindergarten was established with an enrollment of 100 children. It was placed under the direction of the "Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ," a Sisterhood that had been invited to the parish in 1875 to take care of the sick in their homes. A convent was built for them under the title of Our Lady of Help.

The year 1879 saw the building of a new school, which by 1893 again proved inadequate, and another building was erected as a Boys' School. In 1899 a society hall was built. New and suitable homes were provided for the teaching Brothers and Sisters.

And in this year of Jubilee, to crown all, a new project is being planned at the request of Cardinal Mundelein—the erection of a Boys' and Girls' Central High School, to be conducted by the Brothers of Mary and the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

EVIDENCES OF VITAL FAITH.

Anyone who considers the buildings developed since the fire of 1871 will readily realize what expense, what labor, what sacrifice, and above all, what a spirit of faith these buildings represent. They are a monument to both people and priests.

Another evidence of the growth of the parish is that from St. Michael's several large parishes have sprung: St. Alphonsus' Parish in 1883, which is still in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers and now is larger than the mother parish; St. Teresa's in 1889; St. Clement's in 1907.

The many societies and sodalities flourishing in the parish likewise attest its vitality.

But one of the best evidences of the real spirit of the parish through all these years—one that directly witnesses to the penetration of a true Catholic spirit into the homes and hearts of the parishioners—is the glorious roster of priests and religious, Brothers and Sisters that have gone forth from it these seventy-five years.

From the ranks of the parish have come 14 members of the diocesan clergy; 59 Redemptorist Fathers; 14 Redemptorist Lay Brothers; 4 Fathers of the Society of Mary; 64 Brothers of Mary; one member of

the Society of the Divine Word; 134 School Sisters of Notre Dame; 91 Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ; 12 Benedictine Sisters; 3 Sisters of Christian Charity; 3 Dominican Sisters; 48 Franciscan Sisters; 10 Ursulines; 6 Poor Clares; and one Little Sister of the Poor.

This is a record that few parishes can equal.

THE FUTURE.

The last few years have seen a decline in the number of parishioners owing to different causes, such as the deterioration of the section of the city in which the parish lies, the encroachment of business, the migration of the younger generation to northern parts of the city, the three divisions of the parish, and the cutting through of Ogden Avenue with its consequent destruction of homes causing a loss of some 200 families—and so forth. But the vigor and vitality of other days are still evident.

"St. Michael's," said Cardinal Mundelein at the Jubilee celebration on Sunday, October 16, "Old St. Michael's is still as young as ever." May the words of the Cardinal be prophetic and be realized in a "second spring."

WE COMMUNISTS

A Socialist paper of Paris recently published an account of the visit paid by Marcel Cachin, leader of the Communist group of the Chamber of Deputies, to the Isle of Honorat, opposite Cannes. While on the Island, he went to see the monastery of the Monks of Lerins. To a young brother who served as his guide through the monastery, he said:

"In short, you are pure communists!"

"It is possible," the brother replied, unaware of the identity of his visitor, "but we differ from those of Paris who are not all pure. And then we observe a rule of silence. I have never heard that the communists of Paris were silent."

Human sympathy is a great motive power. No cool, calculating attitude will take the place of it. One can name very few of the great advances which were not due to human sympathy. The trouble is we have been using this great motive force for too small ends. If human sympathy prompts us to feed the hungry why should it not give a much greater prompting toward making hunger impossible?

And Now They Whisper Saint

CHAP. XII. LITTLE WINDOWS

C.Ss.R.

"In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales."—*Shakespeare*.

A purple-robed figure dropped to one knee beside the snapping hearth, thoughtfully poising a document over the blaze. A serpent-tongue of flame shot out; the paper flickered, curled up, disappeared in a field of waving fire, like a warrior falling amid the march of whipping banners. The sacrifice was consumed. The flames, though they knew it not, had banqueted richly.

The man in purple was Bishop Neumann; the document, his resignation. It had been ingeniously argued, earnestly pleaded, neatly penned—but for all its fair script and marshalled argument, Neumann's confessor had bluntly made him burn it. And the sad-eyed Bishop, humble enough to wish to resign, stood the stricter test of being humble enough to obey.

So Neumann's cherished resignation went the way of smoke and ashes. When he wrote it one thought had stood behind his shoulder and dictated the words to his scratching quill. It wasn't the thought of escaping hard work and plenty of it. And it wasn't the result of friction with his flock. There was none of that, thank God. There had been a little—in the beginning. Well, there always would be shallow men, just as there always would be shallow rivers. And just as there are all kinds of shallow rivers, some crooked, some muddy, some noisy, there are all kinds of shallow men. Neumann had to put up with that particular tribe known in the language of our day as Highhatters. Maedler, the astronomer, announced the center of the universe to be a star in Pleiades; the Highhatter pities the German's blunder. *He* has a theory of his own about the matter—though he might blush modestly if you asked him to designate just what—or who—is the center of the universe. The Highhatter is complacently conscious of his own social superiority. With his brethren of the stovepipe he has a sacred horror of the vile lower classes. In all things he prefers a gilt finish to a plain solid article. In bishops he prefers a uniform to a man, a fine presence to a fine mind. Sanctity, capability, zeal—these are but secondary considerations, welcome enough if present, you know, but not to be

haggled over if absent. Mere tassles dangling from the banner. The Highhatter prefers a prelate of the Richelieu type—guest at a hundred banquets, host at a score more, grand social figure moving graciously in the public eye and scattering suave smiles and bows and nods in his perfumed wake like the gallantest of courtiers.

Now Neumann, though as courteous and refined as priestly gentleman ever was, was anything but the Richelieu the flower of society sought. Being nothing but a poor, simple, hardworking Bishop, he was given an Arctic reception. It cut the heart of him, but he said nothing. Indeed he flung himself deeper into his work. And gradually, as imperceptibly as the motion of the hands of the clock but just as sure, a change came. The old prejudices crumbled; a new, reverential attitude came in. For all who ran could read in the daily life of the quiet little Bishop that this man Neumann was an Apostle.

But now the Apostle does something that is the least apostolic of all things—he draws up a resignation. He asks to be withdrawn from the field of his apostolate. A cross-word puzzle for fair—to make the vertical "Apostle" dovetail with the horizontal "resign." And the worst of it is, the true solution of the mystery has a weak, unsatisfactory ring. We try to reconcile a contradiction and to do so agree to believe the unbelievable. For isn't it tempting a man to the faint, annihilating smile of skepticism to ask him to believe that Neumann—Neumann who took a vow never to lose a moment of time, Neumann who brought the diocese of Philadelphia ahead in such leaps and bounds along the path of progress that Benedict XV. declared Philadelphia enjoys the fruits of his activity even today—isn't it straining things a bit to ask a man to believe that this Neumann resigned because he thought he wasn't quite competent to rule his diocese? It sounds like something Uriah Heap would whine with a deprecating wriggle and a protesting lifting of his clammy hands. It has all the earmarks of false humility—"humility with a hook," the old Romans called it, and frankly enough, too, for it is nothing but angling for praise with modesty as bait.

Neumann firmly believed himself incompetent. To our eyes he was very competent. The answer is that there are standards and standards. A record of service that calls forth our enthusiastic approbation did not satisfy the zeal of Neumann. A young artist, the bright colors of his first canvas still damp, runs stained fingers through shaggy

hair and views his masterpiece with dreamy, proud eyes. Ten years later he sees it as a riot of daubs and streaks and jabs; shakes his head, laughs, and gently turns the scrambled rainbow to the wall. So far is the average magazine writer from being an expert typist that the hurrying passer-by might well mistake the desultory, staccato clicking off of "copy" for the crackling of peanut shells with pauses interspersed to eat. For all that, many a writer is a little proud of his prowess at the machine. But the man who won last year's medal for typing would probably behold the exhibition with amused eyes and a little smile—too much the gentleman to laugh out loud. It is quite unnecessary to add that their standards are different.

Feeble parallels, but they may help to show how Neumann, with his standards and ideals far above the standards and ideals of most men, could be honestly dissatisfied with achievements that would make most men proud.

Thwarted in the matter of resignation, Neumann asked Rome to divide the diocese in half. He found it an appalling thought that he, a poor, plodding bishop, was sole chief in a belt thirty-five thousand miles square. Let the diocese be split in half; rich, flourishing Philadelphia could continue to flourish under a new bishop, while he, Neumann, would go to pioneering again and take his crozier into the poorer, wilder regions with their thousands on thousands of abandoned souls. "Not a day passes," runs a letter to a friend, "that I do not long to be once more in those vast forests which, for so many years, I used to traverse every week in my missions to the log huts here and there throughout the country." Caesar once crisply said that he would rather be first in a country town than second in Rome. Neumann, sharing the Roman's rustic inclinations, disagreed diametrically on the point of primacy.

The proposal to drive a wedge into the diocese somewhere about Pottsville and give Neumann the undeveloped section, Rome heard with little enthusiasm. With cold, appraising eye she measured this restless bishop's achievements, and then decided that at present it would be a colossal blunder to set Philadelphia's mitre on another brow. So Neumann, come to the end of the last path that promised escape from the episcopal throne of a great city, found it barricaded, and Rome smilingly pointing the way back. But she did not send him back alone. She gave him a capable coadjutor in Bishop James Frederick Wood. This was in the fifth year of his episcopate. A few more years and

Death, kinder than Rome, would gently take the shepherd's crook from Neumann's weary fingers and suffer him who was worn with watching so many sheep, to rest his head forever on the spotless Lamb of God.

The appointment of a lieutenant considerably eased Bishop Neumann's conscience as to the needs of his diocese. But this lieutenant's arrival reveals to us pecuniary problems hitherto unsuspected, and throws a strong white light on Neumann's almost unbelievable poverty and—what is often its twin—boundless charity. Into Neumann's study, one fine morning, pads his panting housekeeper, consternation in her eyes and a feather duster in her hands. The Bishop had a moment to spare? Why, of course. She ought to know better. The Bishop *always* had a moment to spare. What was the trouble? Well, about the coadjutor's room. It was not quite ready. There was no wardrobe, perhaps the Bishop would order one today? The Bishop laughed and shook his head sadly. No, he was afraid the wardrobe must stay unordered. It pained him very much, but what could he do? Wardrobes were secured by means of a certain persuasive stuff called money, and money—well, he would show her his purse. He snapped it open, fumbled into it without arousing the rustle of a bill or the clink of a coin, and plucked out the lining. A laugh.

Evidently the wardrobe was not to be purchased. Perhaps there was another way. A moment of thought. Then a little ejaculation of delight—like the report following fast on the blue flash of an idea. His own wardrobe—why in the world hadn't he thought of it before? A little old, of course, this tall cabinet, but stout and serviceable—and he didn't think the Coadjutor would mind. What? Himself? He didn't need the wardrobe? Why bless her heart, no. Not at all. He rarely used it. In fact, of late he had noticed it was getting rather in the way—very much in the way. Why, really, it would be a blessing to be rid of it.

And the matronly housekeeper, puffing up the stairs to effect the enjoined change, paused on the landing, and indignantly asked her feather duster if it thought the Bishop had pulled the wool over *her* eyes. She was to believe he did not need his wardrobe! No doubt, if the Coadjutor lacked a bed, the Bishop would develop insomnia. And she sniffed in her superior perspicacity. The Bishop might be holy, and he might be learned, and he might be clever; but he was dealing with one who had been, half a century back, the brightest girl in

her class. With that awing observation, a toss of her head, and a triumphant flourish of the fluffy duster, she was off to see about the wardrobe.

Incidentally, evidence not a little inclines us to doubt whether Neumann really did need the wardrobe. Linen, clothing, shoes—any such gifts to the Bishop never could boast of a long stay under the episcopal roof. Hardly were they in this clearing-house for apparel when they found their way out again, on the way to some poor hovel where grateful hearts blessed God for so thoughtful a bishop.

A nineteenth century saint has not the glamorous background enjoyed by his haloed brother of the fifteenth or the fifth century. He may do the very same thing, but because he does it against a setting by no means romantic, the deed is overlooked. A sailboat cutting through a muddy river under a sullen sky is hardly a vision for the gods; yet put that sailboat upon a throbbing blue bay, under a soft blue sky, with the sun glinting gold on the snowy sail and crystal wavelets dipping past the leaning gunwale—and you have as pretty a picture as eyes would wish to see. The background matters.

Look at the case of St. Martin. A bronzed young calvaryman riding on with his troop. Tall, clean-limbed horses, the clink of shining bridles, the gleam of armor, lines of burnished helmets. As the squadron canters by, a tattered beggar stretches out his shivering hands for an alms. This is the keen, brisk autumn; and naught but hanging rags to cover him. The heart of Martin is touched. His sword scrapes from its scabbard, the blade flashes, and there is heard the sharp swish of ripping cloth. Half of Martin's cloak flutters down to the shivering beggar; the other half he draws closer about him, while the troop swings rhythmically by.....

It's a scene you can't forget. Now take an instance in Neumann's life, an incident fundamentally the same but sadly lacking the poetry. One bright Sunday morning a priest encountered Neumann as the latter was rapidly making his way to a nearby church. A single glance at his Lordship's coat revealed that that garment shone with a brilliance any Dutch housewife might covet for her copper kettle, but which was decidedly superfluous in a bishop's coat. Presumably black in the earlier stages of its existence, the coat had long since lost all claim to that color, and now, like an ambitious but imprudent ecclesiastic, it made no secret of its aspirations to the purple. "Why, Bishop," the

priest faltered, a horrified eye on the disreputable garment, "you look wretched! This is Sunday! Won't you change that coat for a better one?" The Bishop eyed the offending article ruefully. "It is a bit shabby," he admitted. Then smilingly, "but what can I do? It's the only one I have." What happened next—whether the priest grimly bore off his bishop to garb him in more presentable attire, or whether Neumann pleaded the waiting congregation and hurried away as he was—is unknown and unimportant. What is important and what is known is this: When Neumann started out that Sunday morning, he wore a better coat than the priest found him with. But, like St. Martin, he met a coatless beggar. And together they returned, bishop and beggar, to the episcopal residence. And the beggar went away wearing the coat of a bishop, and the bishop issued forth in a coat fit for a beggar. But because there is no cavalry troop to go prancing by, the world sees the picture with lusterless eye. Thank heaven God pays no heed to a uniform.

If Neumann's wardrobe, in point of barrenness, brings up smiling memories of Old Mother Hubbard's vacuous cupboard, his scanty supply of footwear recalls the unfortunate madam who lived in a shoe. In out of the streaming rain the Bishop stamped, one stormy day, his sodden shoes oozing out water. Someone mildly suggested the advisability of a change. Neumann looked at his sage counselor with twinkling eye and laughed back, "The only change I could make would be to transfer the shoes to opposite feet."

And now, while the story-teller's urge is strong upon us, shall we multiply incidents, recalling the hundred and one tales that cluster about Neumann's life like grapes upon the vine? Anecdotes that betray an apostolic poverty, anecdotes that reveal an abysmal humility, anecdotes that throw open the doors of a great kindly heart—shall we summon them one by one to the witness-box and bid them testify to the saint that was Neumann? It is tempting. And it would not be idle. For anecdotes, tales of the man, are not merely amusing trivialities, interesting little nothings. They are like those pretty little windows you see studded here and there in a solid old manor. Diamond-shaped and oval and round, they not only set off the massive mansion with a graceful daintiness but at the same time send the light streaming into chamber and hall. Anecdotes are just such charming little windows to a man's life. That is why we have included a few; and, though the

humble proportions of this sketch must be at once our regret and our excuse for leaving many untold, we still have space for one or the other.

The Archbishop was dead; and the grand cathedral of Munich had never seen so many clergy as thronged its sacristy before the Mass. A little parish priest, quietly saying his beads in a corner, looked up in surprise when he overheard someone whisper that they were waiting for the Bishop of Philadelphia who was in the city and had accepted an invitation to attend the funeral. At this the priest pocketed his rosary, snapped open a traveling bag at his feet, and hastily slipped into a purple soutane. When he looked up he saw the surpliced clergy gazing on him in open-mouthed astonishment. Blushing a little, the little man introduced himself to the nearest as the Bishop of Philadelphia. He hoped he had not delayed the ceremonies. After the Mass they contended for the honor of carrying his valise.

Parenthetically, we may observe that in his own diocese Neumann always wore his episcopal robes. In the beginning he had clung to his old black Redemptorist habit, but someone had remarked that the people would prefer to see him in lordly purple—a prelate bespeaking the dignity of his office in the magnificence of his dress. Immediately he changed. Neumann was bishop not for himself but for his people, and if the people wanted purple, why purple it should be. Who does not love him the more for it? A profoundly humble saint is good and we admire him, though it is apt to be a timid distance. But an obliging saint is an appealing saint, and him we do not admire but warmly love.

A little brother of the morning sun, and playfully flinging back the latter's rays, sparkles the great gilt ball that tops the mammoth Cross on Philadelphia's Cathedral. They were working up there the other day, nimble, surefooted workmen, and one of them discovered that the great gilt ball could be screwed open. Inside was a metal box, and in the metal box, a crumpled yellow newspaper that had left the press sixty-eight years ago. They smoothed out the creases and found a graphic account of that long-ago day when the lofty cathedral cross first stretched its golden arms over the city of Philadelphia. Three thousand people, so ran the narrative, surged into the partially finished edifice, and an equal throng overflowed Logan Square. First, a solemn procession trailing its colorful way—a pageant of resplendent vestments and swinging censers, and twinkling candles and stirring chant. Then Bishop Wood "in richly gilded garments and mitre"—for he was to

officiate, and Bishop Spalding was there to preach, while such and such reverend gentlemen were to occupy the platform. And buried in the account, far down the column so that a dull eye might miss it, ran the timid line, "Bishop Neumann was also present, but was not dressed in the ministerial robes. He took no part in the ceremonies."

Imagine. The builder of the Cathedral, the bishop of the diocese, the first in rank and the first in right—Neumann holds a quiet place in the background. This the hour of his triumph, the crowning of his labor—and he is less prominent than the cassocked lad who proudly swings the censer. On this day of days he is the Neumann of yesterday and of tomorrow, quiet, lost in the thronging clergy, out of the spotlight's field. The principal figure and the simplest.

Something like Benediction—where the flowers lift up blushing, beautiful countenances and captivate with perfumed sigh; where the candles stand tall and straight as soldiers, proud of their tiny, tossing, golden plumes; where the marble altar bids you admire its exquisite carvings and the monstrance displays its massy, gleaming, gold—and where the Principal Figure is the Simplest, appearing as a little white flake of bread. But we know It is God. So God knew it was Neumann who, though the simplest figure, was the principal one.

Now to peep through another little window—the last. When young Neumann was about to leave quaint old Prachatitz for America, a rustic friend drew him aside and addressed him in deep, tragic tones, "John, you are going on a long and dangerous voyage. Now take my advice." Here two calloused fingers squirmed into a worn purse and carefully drew forth two gold coins. The voice lowered significantly; the glittering gold pieces were poised with a momentous air. "Now when you board ship, slip these coins into the captain's hand and say, 'Captain, here are two pieces of gold on condition that you always steer the ship in the shallow water near the shore.' For then," came the triumphant climax, "should anything happen to the ship, you could save yourself swimming." A dark, shrewd smile overspread the face of the far-sighted counsellor. Neumann smiled too, but it was a little feebly. He wasn't quite sure just how enthusiastically the old sea-dog would react to a bribe.

That is all. That is the anecdote. It is empty, it has no moral, say you. Well, perhaps not. Still there's this. Neumann told that story the day he died; an hour or so after it tripped off his smiling lips he

was a stony corpse. He told that anecdote at the dinner table; there was no need to lay a place for him at supper. He told that anecdote when he was mortally ill—so ill he could not recognize an old Redemptorist friend who happened in during the meal. It was all camouflage, that story, told to hide his sufferings, to keep others gay. It was the broken-winged thrush, fluttering its cheeriest tumble of song that its young might not know and knowing grieve. It was the drummer-boy beating his best charge in the enemy's face though the last man in the fort had fallen beside him and his own life-blood was dripping its own grim beat on the sodden ground. It was grit in the hour of groaning and a smile over the face of Pain.

Is that empty? Is there no moral in that?

(To be continued.)

HER STRATEGY

The Baron de Livois, a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was out begging for the poor. He came to the house of a lady whom he knew to be well off and charitably inclined. He found her mending her stockings.

"It seems to me," said he, "that your means would permit you to buy new ones."

"True enough," replied she; "but I economize for the sake of the poor so that I may have something to give to them."

"Splendid," exclaimed the Baron. "I have come precisely to ask you for help for the poor."

The good lady rose, went to her secretary and brought out a bank note of a large denomination. She gave it to the Baron smilingly, with her left hand. This peculiarity did not escape his notice.

"Why the left hand?" he asked.

"That the right hand may not know what the left hand is doing," she answered, smiling still, "else it would not be so willing to keep on mending these old stockings."

Don't quarrel before children. It upsets all their conceptions of life. Watch a quarreling couple—and convince yourself.

Can you act exactly as you ought? Then why think you can get a law to make other people do it?

Catholic Anecdotes

BEGINNING THE DAY

The following paragraphs are taken from an Irish paper, the *Connacht Tribune*. No comment is needed.

"Nearly five years ago, when President Cosgrave came to Galway, he was entertained to a banquet on Saturday night. At midnight he retired, and the following morning he received Holy Communion at one of the city churches.

"On Sunday night (Sept. 4), after the meeting at Eyre Square, he was kept up by overenthusiastic friends until after one a. m. Nevertheless, in accordance with his daily practice, maintained throughout all these years of stress and turmoil, he was abroad with his aide-de-camp at early Mass on Monday morning.

"In a Catholic country it is altogether fitting that the head of the State should begin the day by humbly kneeling at the altar of God and asking that the blessing of Providence should attend upon his work. The magnificent example of this courageous little statesman of ours might be well followed."

CHANGELINGS

Count Frederick Leopold von Stolberg was one of the most learned and noblest men of the last century. He was a convert from the Lutheran faith. His conversion to the Church caused quite a sensation in Germany.

One day a Protestant Prince, a former friend, said to him:

"I have no love and little respect for men who change their religion."

"Nor have I any love or respect for them," replied Count Stolberg; "for if our forefathers had not changed theirs, it would not be necessary for me to change mine now."

Everything upon earth has an end; pleasure has an end; suffering has an end; eternity alone is unending.

Pointed Paragraphs

ALL SAINTS

One of the great feasts of the year. Other days commemorate the mysteries of Our Lord, His life, His sufferings, His deathbed glory; others again the prerogatives and excellencies of Our Blessed Mother. Dear they are, rich in grace and uplifting influence, they reawaken love and confidence. But Jesus is the God-man and Mary, His Mother, standing apart in divinity and fullness of grace.

All Saints is the feast of ordinary manhood and womanhood accomplishing perfection and approach to personal holiness and grandeur of human character as fully realized in them.

It is "our feast" in a special way, showing the influence of Jesus and Mary on human life, and the achievements of men and women like ourselves.

They could do it—why not we? Forward and upward!

ALL SAINTS

Lindbergh astounded the world. First was he to pass the trackless skies above the ocean. Men rose and with one voice acclaimed him—him and his engine.

But there are higher heights than the murky clouds—higher even than the blue skies beyond and broader worlds to conquer. Perfect manhood—noblest womanhood—godlike and glittering in the light of heaven—the very thought of them fills one with exaltation.

Not one, but thousands have scaled these heights; they and the grace of God.

What is that glinting over the sea,
Remote in the heavens,
Higher and higher;
Plunging for Ireland,
Swift as an arrow tipped with desire?

Thus sang a poet stirred by Lindbergh's triumph.

High over the sea of human life that seems so dark and restless and turbid, "a glinting silver thing," rises the Saint.

Look again! We cannot build an engine like Lindbergh's—we can fashion for ourselves—out of our daily store of grace and will and duties and trials—wings of sainthood.

ALL SOULS

"Pardon me," said the prosperous business man in the train to his neighbor, a priest, as he pointed to a little memorial card in the priest's open breviary. "What is that, may I ask?"

"Oh, just a death-card, in remembrance of my mother who passed on. That is her picture."

"She seems to have been a very lovable woman," said the business man, studying the picture.

"She was, indeed," replied the priest. "Every time my eyes fall on this picture I am reminded of all she was, especially of her quiet but unswerving fidelity to every duty, and of her kindliness to all begotten of a sense of God's goodness to her."

"But why keep the card in that book?"

"In my breviary? That's what we call it—the priest's book of daily prayer—because there it will have most influence over me. Never will the thought of mother's life and teaching appeal to me more than in the quiet moments of prayer, and never will I be able to help her better than just then."

"Help her? How could she need help?" pursued the man.

"If she is in that place of which the Saviour said: 'they must remain till the last farthing is paid.' To the all-holy eyes of God none of us are entirely pure, and yet 'nothing defiled,' be it ever so slightly, 'shall enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Isn't that a hard doctrine?"

"It is not too hard for the gentle Saviour to teach; it is no harder than the all-loving justice and the all-just love of our heavenly Father. It is, all in all, a most eminently fatherly teaching."

"But how can your prayers help her?"

"Just as one child can plead for another on earth with the father of a family, so, in Our Father's House, can one child plead for another and be heard."

The prosperous business man shook his head.

"I wish," he said, "we could all think that way about our dead! How much better we would be!"

THE LATEST REVOLT IN MEXICO

The Presidential Election Campaign is in full swing in Mexico. The candidates are Obregon, partisan of Calles, Serrano, and Gomez. With the people dissatisfied with the persecution policy of Calles, the chances for Serrano or Gomez are very good. The election is nearing. Now Serrano is no more: he was shot, presumably for instigating a revolt; Gomez is in flight for his life and will be shot if caught, presumably for instigating a revolt. Every opponent of Calles in the Mexican Senate is removed with a bullet. These are the facts that the news reveals.

What impression the whole affair must make on any thinking man is revealed by some editorials appearing in outstanding daily papers. Thus the New York *Herald-Tribune* remarks editorially:

"Reports from Mexico City in the last forty-eight hours indicated that a revolution against the government had been started and suppressed. Further details were that General Serrano, leading rival of General Obregon for the Presidency, was responsible; that he had been captured, court-martialed, found guilty and executed.

"Anybody who wishes to believe this story correct is at liberty to do so. To use it seems a rather ingenious variation of the former method of shooting a troublesome rival and then announcing that he, while prisoner, had tried to escape. Though a censorship prevents us from knowing many of the facts, it does not seem reasonable that a candidate standing a good chance of election should start a revolution before the ballots were counted. It is hard also to believe that an active revolutionist would be so foolish as to conduct operations under the very noses of the federal authorities, accompanied by few friends and no army.

"Mexico has been victim of misrule for a long time. Latest news from south of the Rio Grande does not offer any hope of improvement in the immediate future."

And the Washington *Post*, commenting on these latest killings in Mexico, declares vigorously that while Calles may kill the leaders of the opposition, he cannot kill the opposition itself. "The struggle in Mexico is not between Gomez and Calles. It is between Calles and the Mexican people." And it continues:

"The government's statements are evidence that the revolt extends throughout the country.

"Serrano is gone. Gomez may go. But the Calles government cannot hope to kill off the opposition. This opposition consists of an immense proportion of the Mexican people. The execution of opposition leaders may force the revolution to take cover again, but Calles cannot regard himself as safe. 'Blood will have blood.' The adherents of Serrano and Gomez are not mere agitators. They are stirred to revolt by oppression, robbery and denial of liberty. In a thousand ways the people can block the plans of the government. Sooner or later they will prevail over usurpers who, in the name of government, attempt to exploit them.

"The struggle in Mexico is not between Calles and Gomez. It is between Calles and the Mexican people. Calles has command of forces that can be used to intimidate the people. But his command of these forces is of uncertain tenure. At any moment they may be turned against him."

A SANE AND PRACTICAL VIEW

Mrs. Kathleen Norris, one of the most prominent novelists of our day, makes some very striking statements regarding birth control, considered from a purely practical standpoint. In the face of all the slapdash judgments scattered broadcast by so-called "moderns," these remarks of a keen and experienced observer are well worth repeating.

"Motherhood, the mothering of the race, solves all the problems of the sex; a world full of good mothers would be a world full of harmony, goodness, peace and delight," writes Kathleen Norris, in an article entitled, "The Fun of Being a Mother," appearing in the September issue of the *Pictorial Review*.

Mrs. Norris confesses that ever since she began to think at all, everything that has to do with mothers, such as children, nurseries, babyhood, training and teaching, have seemed the supremely fundamental and important things of life.

The most important things in the world are those that go on at home, Mrs. Norris believes. The most thrilling responsibilities, enterprises and events are those the mother of young children experiences. Nothing else in the world compares in importance with the mother's particular job, which is the bearing and rearing of children. Mrs. Norris concedes that women usually do not see it that way for the reason

that for hundreds of years the world has been lying to them about what is vital to their happiness.

"I disagree with the advocates of birth control," Mrs. Norris continues, "because motherhood, when rightly taken, is so much the most exquisite, the most satisfying, the most important part of any woman's life; because children are so infinitely dear and valuable; because the occupation of bearing them, raising and training and studying them, is the real business of the nation; because when they are pushed aside for the stupid material things we fight so hard for nowadays their baffled fathers and mothers grow hard and dull, discontented and miserable.

"It is my own profound conviction that more sorrow, illness, loneliness, frustration, have come, case for case, to the women of the world, through denying motherhood, already in these very first years of birth control, than the sum total of the different trials that have come to the distracted and overburdened mothers of large and unregulated families.

"No, control everything else first. Control passions if you can, control rents and food prices; control amusements and luxuries; come down to life in one or two rooms; to plainer fare and fewer dissipation. But let every woman appreciate, in her very childhood, that life is the crown of life, and that it is her amazing privilege to give it."

THE FRATERNITY OF KINDNESS

A little leaflet came to my hands recently, and as its author invites dissemination, I shall pass on its good thought. It regards the re-establishment of a fraternity founded by Our Lord Himself. Here it is:

"What a vast increase in the sum total of human happiness it would mean if each one of us were to be always just as kind as he could be. Why earth would be almost heaven if all unkindness were eliminated from our lives. . . .

"It was such thoughts as these which came to a pious nun during her meditation, and which prompted her to found the Fraternity of Kindness. Its rules are these:

- "1. Not to think unkindly of others.
- "2. Not to speak unkindly of others or to others.
- "3. Not to act unkindly towards others.

"These rules imply, of course, the opposite virtues of always thinking kindly, speaking kindly, and being kind, to everyone.

"Now there is a penalty attached to every violation of the rules, a double penalty, which consists of: (a) Saying a short prayer for the victim of our unkindness; and (b) performing some act of kindness towards that person that same day. If the latter is impracticable a second short prayer will suffice. The prayer may be as short as 'My Jesus, Mercy,' or 'Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine,' or as long as an 'Our Father.'

"Simple enough, isn't it? And how easy. Of course, we shall want to join. And how much happier we should all be for it—we, and all those with whom we come in contact. What must one do to join? Simply make up one's mind that he wishes to be a member, and begin immediately to keep the rules.

"Should anyone be sufficiently enthusiastic to want to spread the Fraternity, by trying to persuade his friends to become members—as we shall all want to do—he will by that very fact be an 'Apostle of Kindness.'

"The Patron and Model of the Fraternity of kindness is the Sacred Heart of Jesus, burning with love for all mankind."

Man has one power in particular which is not sufficiently dwelt on. It is the power of making the world happy, or at least of so greatly diminishing the amount of unhappiness in it as to make quite a different world from what it is at present. This power is called: kindness.

A good life is worth nothing, so far as eternity is concerned, unless it is crowned by a good death; so a good death, though not impossible, is the exception when the life has not been good.

Ridicule is the first and last argument of a fool.

Islands of volcanic origin have been known to arise in the South American seas, remain for a while and then hissingly vanish from view. Thus a man's features—nay his very being—may be altered beyond recognition by the passions astir in his soul.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

HAIL, OUR QUEEN!

Mary is a queen. If the son is a King, the mother of this same son has a perfect right to be called a queen and to be honored as such. We Christians know that Mary has given birth to a Son and that this Son is the King of Heaven and earth. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. And from that moment when she spoke her: "*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*" (Be it done to me according to thy word), she became a Queen—the Queen of heaven and earth. Holy Mother Church, therefore, honors her as "Our Queen" and wishes that she be honored by us also under this same great name: "Hail, our Queen!"

As a consequence she has as many who honor her as there are creatures who honor God. All angels, and all men—all that lives and breathes, be it in heaven or on earth—is under the sovereignty of this glorious Queen because all these creatures are under the sovereignty of the Lord Jesus.

And Mary is the Queen of mercy. Again it is the Church that teaches us to give her that beautiful title. Who among us does not need a merciful mother? We are all sinners; we are all exiles in this vale of tears; we are all strangers in a strange land; we are all under banishment on account of sin. And it is for these reasons that we need this Mother of mercy. How many are the evils that afflict us! Evils of body and evils of soul surround us at every turn. We are in constant danger of perishing and of being lost for all eternity. How lovely, therefore, is that name: Mother of mercy!

The piety of the faithful has found a still sweeter name for this Mother of mercy when it gave to her the beautiful name: Mother of Perpetual Help. Indeed, tradition tells us that Mary herself first spoke this name. And this name means Power. Power to help in life and in death; power to help in needs of body and of soul; power to help at any time and in all places.

Let us go with reverence to Mary in our needs; let us go to her with the confidence such a title ought to inspire.

In Liege, one of the larger cities of Belgium, a widowed mother and her children were conducting a small business. It was a paying business till a rival shop was set up. By dint of much advertising the rival took away most every customer. To add to their misery a note came due for the sum of three thousand francs. Where to get so large a sum was a question. The children—five of them—lost heart and looked on all as lost. Only the good mother never once lost courage. "We will begin tomorrow and make a Novena to the Mother of Perpetual Help," she said quietly. They did. The heavenly Mother seemed to want to try them. Eight days had elapsed and there were no signs of the needed money. Yet, the mother was confident. On the ninth day all went to an early Mass and also received Holy Communion. Lo, and behold! On their return from their devotions they saw such a great number of their old customers at the door of their little shop that they were astounded. And the rush for their wares kept up nearly all that day. At the end of the day they had most of the money and their creditor was satisfied to wait for the balance for a few days longer.

It was the mother who told it thus: "We were near to starvation. In my hour of need I determined to call on the Blessed Mother who has never yet left me unheard. I did. See the result? It is the work of Mary, our Queen!"

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Yours truly has again received a remarkable favor from Our Lady of Perpetual Help—a cure without operation, when the latter would in all probability have been fatal. Stones, a lump in the region of the appendix and a 103 degree fever during four days and nights all disappeared in a few hours. And Our Lady did not stop there. I was on a diet of orange juice and beef juice. They made a mistake and sent me a full meal. Having orders to eat only what was sent me I assimilated the full meal and no harm resulted. I have eaten heartily since and have regained half of the forty pounds I had lost. I enclose offering for a Mass to be said, if possible, at her shrine."—Boerne, Texas.

Catholic Events

Two articles which recently appeared in two newspapers of Milan have drawn attention again to the Roman Question. Since these articles came from men closely connected with the Italian Government, the *Osservatore Romano*, the official paper of the Vatican replied in two long editorials. The first article came from Senator Giovanni Gentile, formerly Minister of Public Instruction in Signor Mussolini's cabinet; the second from Arnaldo Mussolini, the Premier's brother, printed in the *Popolo d'Italia*, the Premier's personal paper. Signor Mussolini himself had, as far back as 1921, publicly asserted the advisability of finding a solution of the question. Pope Pius XI also, in 1922, expressed a wish for a settlement.

* * *

We summarize here the explanations given in the *Osservatore Romano*, in question and answer form.

What is the Roman Question?

Should territorial sovereignty and independence be restored to the Pope and to what extent?

By what right does the Pope claim territorial sovereignty?

By historical right; the Popes enjoyed sovereignty by legitimate title for centuries and were deprived of it by force and violence in 1870 without any vestige of justification.

By a deeper right still; as a perfect society for the spiritual governance of the entire Catholic world, its authority has the right to such territorial independence as is necessary for effective government. "It must have some kind of territory, no matter how tiny, in order to convince everybody of the complete liberty and independence of the Pope in the spiritual government of the Church."

Is the Roman Question a national question?

It is in a sense universal: "When we say that the Roman Question is universal we mean that the question of the liberty and independence of the Pope interests not only Italians but all children of the Church. It is not therefore national, but Catholic and therefore universal."

It is also in a sense national: "Italy violently destroyed the state of things which had been built up during centuries. Therefore she alone can restore it. * * * This is Italy's duty. Reparation, which, according to the moral law, is binding not only on individuals but also on states, must be made by him who caused the damage. * * * But if Italy one day decides publicly, before the whole world, to perform this act of just reparation, we are quite sure that she will abide by her word without need of foreign intervention. * * * The Holy See awaits a solution to come, not from foreign intervention, but from the sense of justice and uprightness of the Italian people. There will be nothing left for the foreign powers to do but to take

note in the usual way of what Italy will have done in agreement with the Holy See."

What is necessary for territorial sovereignty and independence?

Senator Gentile in his article thinks the "Laws of Guarantee" passed by the Italian parliament in 1871 would be sufficient; but Arnaldo Mussolini recognized that Fascist Italy must find a better solution.

The Osservatore Romano speaks of "some kind of territory, no matter how tiny." The essential thing seems to be, in the words of the organ of the Vatican: "The solution of the Roman Question must therefore be such that the independence of the Pope appears evident to Catholics of the whole world."

Who is to judge what is sufficient for this purpose?

"The Pope is the only judge. He alone by divine wish is the head of the Church and supreme master of the faithful. Therefore he alone must decide about the conditions of liberty and independence, and also about the guarantees necessary to satisfy Catholics of the whole world."

Is the position of Pope Pius XI on the question different from that of his predecessors?

No. "Protests against the treatment received by the Pontiffs have been made by Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI. They were all Italian Popes and they all expressed with words of deepest pain their profound sorrow and proclaimed to the whole world that it is impossible for the supreme chief of the Catholic Church to accept the present situation as legitimate or befitting."

"For the present," says the Osservatore Romano, "only one method exists for avoiding such suspicions (that the Pope is influenced by the nation on whose territory he resides) and the dangers of schisms. As long as the Pope resides in territory which does not belong to him, in the territory of another power, the only possible remedy is open, clear and universally known hostility."

Summarizing its arguments, the Osservatore Romano concludes:

"Absolute necessities of a religious nature render it absolutely necessary for the Pope to be in a condition of liberty and independence, not only real and perfect, but also manifest to the faithful of the whole world.

"Till this has been obtained in such a way as to satisfy the Pontiff, the same absolute necessities of a religious nature render it necessary for the Holy See to maintain the state of hostility created in 1870."

* * *

In the death of Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, Catholic social teaching and organization loses a stalwart friend.

Bishop Muldoon was one of the four Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council who issued the famous Bishop's Program of Social Reconstruction. This program has many times been held up as the soundest, sanest and most thorough industrial program of all that were written in post-war days.

Until his illness a year ago, when he was succeeded by Bishop Lillis of Kansas City, Bishop Muldoon was Chairman of the Social Action

Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He was Chairman of the Social Action Department from its establishment in the late winter of 1920. He guided its work. He founded within the department the new bureau of rural life to meet the special social and economic cares of the farmer.

At the time of his death Bishop Muldoon was honorary President of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. Until his illness he had taken part in all the meetings of the Industrial Conference from its first organization meeting in Chicago during Christmas week of 1922.

The great impetus given Catholic social teaching in the past ten years is in great part due to him. He saw the whole field of social principles that must guide the restoration of Christ's Kingdom in the social life of the United States.

* * *

Two appeals couched in strong terms have gone forth from San Antonio, Texas, to President Coolidge pleading that the United States Government exert its powerful influence to put an end to the political and illegal butchery in which the Calles Government in Mexico has indulged in the last fortnight.

One is signed by Senor D. Aureliano Urrutia, former Director and Dean of the University of Mexico, acting for the educated and cultured elements of Mexico and the Mexican refugees in the United States. Dr. Urrutia does not hesitate to call attention, in his letter, to the fact that "the present Government of Mexico owes its organization and its very existence, according to your own words, to the generosity and good will of the Government of Washington." This being true, he tells President Coolidge, "in your hands rests the power to put a stop to the killings of innocent beings."

The second letter to President Coolidge is from the International Civic Organization, which seeks to band the better forces in all the American republics together "to so influence the force of international relations that they will become a means of defence for the peoples against the possible despotism of political groups who may be in control of public affairs or seeking to gain it through undemocratic action."

This organization suggests to President Coolidge and the American people that they call upon "the spurious Mexican authorities" to stop their "criminal butchery" at once.

* * *

Former Chinese Premier, Rene Lou Tseng Tsiang, was received into the Benedictine Order at the Abbey of St. Andre in Friburg during October. He has been Chinese Ambassador at the Hague, president of the Chinese Cabinet, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and director of the Chinese diplomatic and consular school. He signed the Versailles Treaty for China after the World War.

* * *

A non-Catholic man of Leeds, who was advised by a Catholic priest to go to Lourdes, declared he was cured of paralysis at the shrine. His name is Thomas Harrison and he is the father of five children.

Some Good Books

Religion and Common Sense. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Things Catholics Are Asked About. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price \$1.50.

In the first book you have such subjects as Religion and Common Sense—Creed—Authority—Religion and Science—Capital and Labor—Future Life—Hell—Sex Matters—Marriage—Index of Forbidden Books—all treated in Father Scott's own straightforward, practical manner. He is a master at it.

And if you want to go into these matters still more deeply—if your interest has been aroused, or some difficulties still remain unsolved—or if you have been questioned or have heard the Church's stand in these matters questioned and wish to know more about them, take up the second book. We cannot have too many books of this kind, especially if they are so well done.—A. T. Z.

Old World Foundations of the United States. A Text Book for Catholic Schools. By W. H. Kennedy, Ph.D., and Sister Mary Joseph, Ph.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.28. Special discounts for schools.

This book treats of essentials in the history of the world from the time of the Egyptians down to the period of the discovery of America, to serve as an introduction to a better understanding of our own country. I am not going to say much about it. It is a textbook, yet I read it with keen interest. It is modern in the best sense of the word. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen and very well done. The method followed ought to make it a most effective textbook and at the same time a most attractive book for the pupil. That is saying enough, isn't it? It is an evidence of the high standard our schools have reached.

—A. T. Z.

"The Eucharistic Emmanuel." Sermons for the Forty Hours' Devotion. By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.Ss.R. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

The Eucharistic Emmanuel is a book meant for priests, and will be a great help to every priest who uses it. Sermons are pretty generally given during the Forty Hours' Adoration, as Father Geiermann suggests in his foreword. Here we have two series of sermons.

They are short—this will recommend them to many; they are rich in ideas and suggestions, and hence may be used as a basis for longer sermons by those who seek longer sermons; they are solid and sound theologically, still not argumentative; they are devotional and practical and hence adapted for a time of prayer such as the Forty Hours' is meant to be. Every sermon is preceded by a well arranged synopsis—which will serve as an aid to memory.

The Eucharistic Emmanuel is a worth while addition to our sermon literature.

—A. T. Z.

The Manna Almanac for 1928. Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazianz, Wis.

"The Young Folks' Delight" we read in the subtitle. I think that title is correct. Almanacs of various kinds come every year and are always welcome. This is an almanac meant especially for the little folks.—A. T. Z.

The Medical Missionary. Published monthly by the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Brookland, Washington, D. C. Subscription, \$1.00 a year.

Under the editorship of Doctor Anna Dengel, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, founded two years ago, proposes to publish this monthly magazine to give to the Catholic World reports of their work and observations and investigations in the Foreign Mission Field. Apart from the special interest it must have for the medical and nursing professions, it will be invaluable for all Mission Societies and Units and even of general interest to the faithful.

Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Naylor—How did you get the black eye, my boy?

Rowdy—Fightin'.

Mrs. Naylor—I certainly feel sorry for a little boy with a black eye.

Rowdy—Then go home and feel sorry for your own boy. He's got two of 'em.

Man at races—Confound it! I've just had my pocket picked.

His Wife—Never mind. It'll save time and trouble. Let's go home.

The professor, a noted botanist, gave instructions for a dish of mushrooms, which he had gathered himself, to be cooked for dinner expressly for his wife. The latter, who was particularly fond of them, was highly delighted at her husband's thought on her behalf and thanked him with much gusto. At breakfast next morning he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly," she answered.

"Not sick at all—no pains?" he persisted.

"Why, of course not, dear," she responded in surprise.

"Hurrah, then," exclaimed the professor. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."

The supervisor of a Western railroad received the following note from one of his track foremen:

"I am sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

Auntie—"Do you ever play with bad little boys, Willie?"

Willie—"Yes, Auntie."

Auntie—"I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?"

Willie—"Their mothers won't let me."

Mother—Now, Jimmie, suppose you were to hand Willie a plate with a large and small piece of cake on it, wouldn't you tell him to take the larger piece?

Jimmie—No.

Mother—Why not?

Jimmie—Because it wouldn't be necessary!

Louise—I'm going to have the baby's picture taken today.

George—Have it taken when he's asleep. I'd like to know what he looks like that way.

Junkman—Any rags, paper, old iron. Man of the House (angrily)—No, my wife's away.

Junkman—Any bottles.

"Rastus," said the negro minister, "dis am de fust time Ah ever saw yo' in dis here church, and Ah's mighty glad to have yo' here."

"Pahson," replied Rastus, "Ah just hadda come. Ah needs strength, Ah does, 'cause Ah got a job whitewashing a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence 'round a watermelon patch."

"I want a bottle of iodine."

"Sorry, but this is a drug-store. Can't we interest you in an alarm clock, some nice leather goods, a few radio parts, or a toasted cheese sandwich?"

Mrs. Goodfellow—It must be hard work taking in washing.

Laundress—No, mum; the hard work comes in doing the washing.

The girl at the boarding-house asked Eli why a chicken crosses the road. He said he didn't even know why they crossed their knees.

"How did Slim, the burglar, come to reform?"

"He went and got married, and the wife won't let him out nights."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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* * *

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